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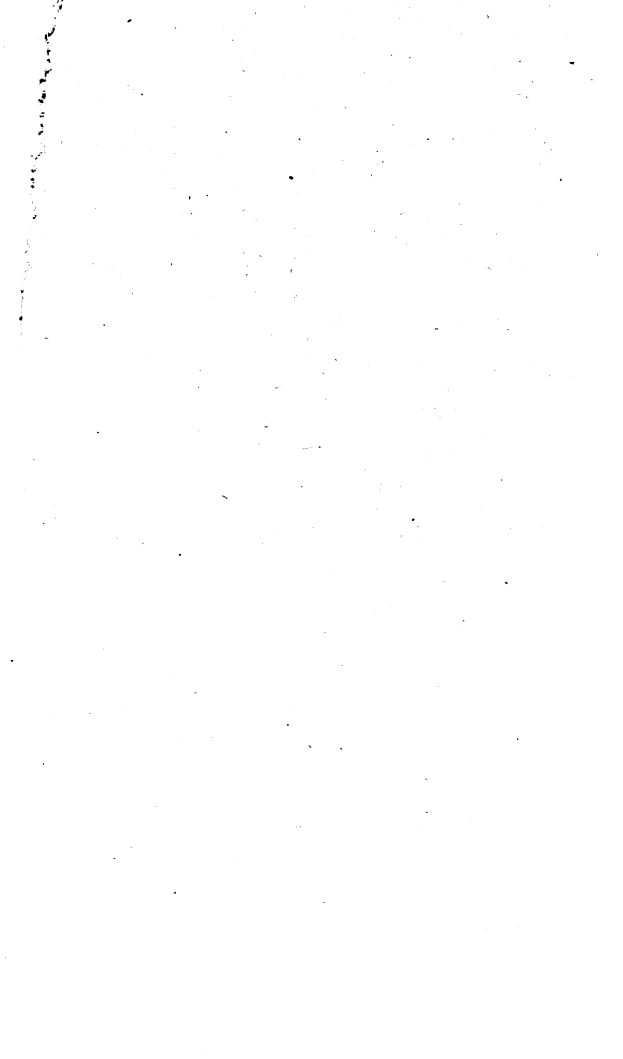
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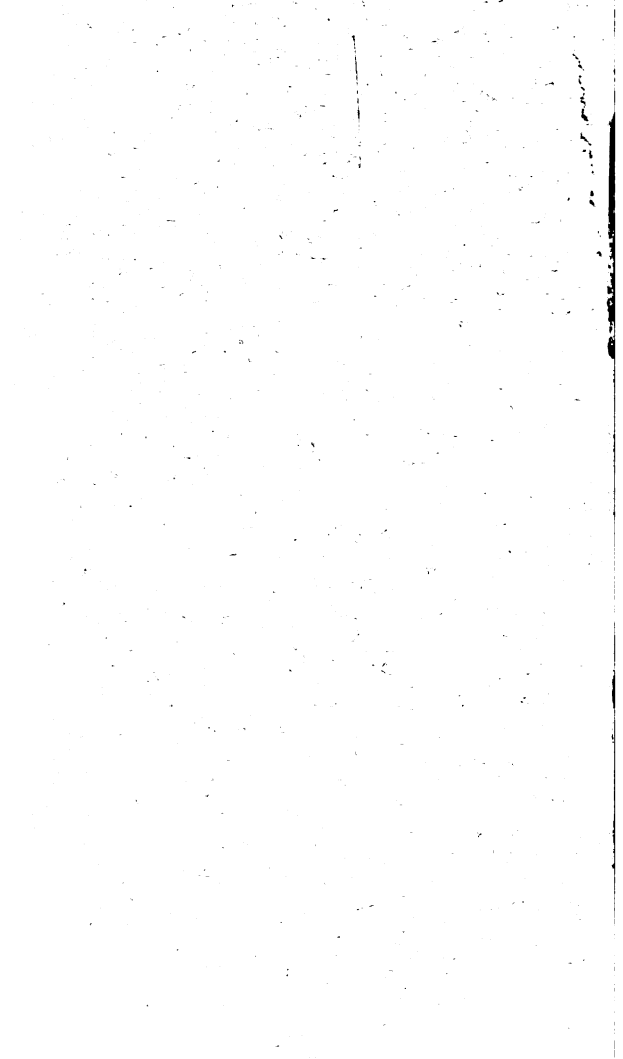


THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
CLASS OF 1882  
OF NEW YORK

1918

H<sup>o</sup>





# **THE DEAD ALIVE.**

**A COMIC OPERA.**

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**IN TWO ACTS.**

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**BY JOHN O'KEEFE, ESQ.**

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**PHILADELPHIA:**

**PUBLISHED BY THOMAS H. PALMER.**

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**1822.**

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|                             |                       |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| Sir Walter Weathersock..... | Mr. <i>Burke.</i>     |
| Edward .....                | Mr. <i>Darley.</i>    |
| Undertaker.....             | Mr. <i>Hathwell.</i>  |
| Sheers .....                | Mr. <i>Francis.</i>   |
| Motley .....                | Mr. <i>Jefferson.</i> |
| Dennis .....                | Mr. <i>Scrivener.</i> |
| Degagee .....               | Mr. _____             |
| Coachman .....              | Mr. _____             |
| Hannibal .....              | Mr. _____             |
| Grizley.....                | Mr. <i>Murray.</i>    |

|                           |                       |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| Miss Hebe Wintertop ..... | Mrs. <i>Francis.</i>  |
| Comfit.....               | Mrs. <i>Burke.</i>    |
| Caroline .....            | Miss <i>Hathwell.</i> |

# THE DEAD ALIVE.

## ACT I.

*enter DENNIS and Coachman.*

*Den.* It is, indeed, a thousand pities so generous a gentleman as our master should be thus obliged to part with half his servants, merely for want of the means to retain them.

*Coach.* Ay, Dennis, master's a free horse, but the world's a deep road, and spirit won't bring wheels through without the hard meat—so poor master's knock'd up at last. (*Degagee sings without*) What, and monsieur struck off, too?

*enter DEGAGEE, singing.*

*Den.* Why, monsieur Degagee, by your mirth nobody could suppose you had lost a good place this morning.

*Deg.* Oui, monsieur Denni, I am turn off a mon maitre this morning; when I did get out of bed, I was in place, and to-night when I get into bed, I shall be out of place. Ah, ha!

*Den.* I see when misfortune comes.

*Deg.* Oui, I am one pauvre, unfortunate miserable—monsieur Denni, maitre Jean, attendez, *listen*.—Mi landlor did once set fire his own house, and burn me out of my logement—five pound for de first engine! I vas make my escape out of de vinder in my shirt—crack went de flame widin; whiz went de water widout; de engine did play upon pauvre me, and de mob did laugh at me, as if I vas une comedie or farce.

*Den.* Ay, the farce of fire and water.

*Deg.* Fire and vater, non !—I vas roast and drown—ver good—I scape vid the von shirt all wet, and was held to dry too near de fire, it was burn too ; all de shirt I had in de world—but all one to Degagee.

*Coach.* Poor monsieur.

*Deg.* Oui vraiment, *yes indeed*, pauvre moi : attendez, *listen a me*.—After dat I was go to France in de suite of a mi Lor Angloise, den I was tink to come back to England, and set up de grand shop in Pall-Mall, and did lay out all my l'argent in de silk stocking, de tambour wastecoa, and lace ruffles ; perfume poudre, and paresols for my shop—I did put all in de Dutch bottom, but at sea, up did come de little sailor Anglois, vid de new copper breeches, and pauf, shoot off our masts and sail, and drag us into Portsmouth, and sing, "Always are ready."

*Den.* You were tow'd in.

*Deg.* I no understand dat toe.

*Coach.* Why, monsieur, the little English sailor with the copper breeches, took the Dutchman by the toe, and dragg'd his bottom into Portsmouth.

*Deg.* Ban est vrai, but il tout perdue. *dat is true, but I have loss all*—and den I vas san six sous and sans souci, *I vas widout money or care*—I lost all.—But den, par hazard I was come live wid dat bon tete, mon maitre, monsieur Edward, vat you call Sandford—alas ! he is all broke—and ma foi—I am all broke again—Beside de loss of my wages, two, three guineas, and my eoster vid some pomade, comb, curling iron, and three pound mareschale.

*Coach.* Poor monsieur.

*Deg.* Oui, pauvre moi. Maitre Jean, you lose your place too—but you are prepare for de fast, you carry your beef vid you—here is de beef. (*touching the Coachman's belly*) And here is de shoulder of de beef, and de leg of de beef, aussi, and de head of de beef, aussi, *also*.

*Coach.* And, monsieur, I have de fist of de beef. (*Oh, see !*)

*Deg.* Very heavy, morbleu. Come, make a de peace, begar my king make a de good peace vid your king, so do you make de peace vid *Degagee*.

*Coach.* Our king, heaven bless him, holds the rein for his subjects, and he'll always hold a whip for the monsieurs.

*Deg.* Vat, he will whip de monsieurs?

*enter GRIZLEY, with a little dog.*

Ah, my little dog, mosh oblige, monsieur Grizley : Voyez, monsieur Denni, voyez, maitre Jean, look at dis pretty dog.—I am turn oft a mon maitre, pauvre, miserable—he is turn oft also.

*Den.* I am sorry we lose you, monsieur.

*Deg.* And I am sorry, so full of sorry as all de world !—Lol, lol, lol ! Santez.—Ah, jump up my little dog, mon petit Santez, *me say*, allons donc—lol, lol, lol ! Bon jour, maitre Jean ; adieu, monsieur Denni. [*exit, singing, and dancing the dog*]

*Den.* What a merry piece of distress !

*Coach.* Monsieur knows his swarthy phiz and broken English, soon recommend him to a lady of quality.

*enter a Black, crying.*

*Coach.* What, and Blacky goes too ?

*Black.* Oh, oh ! me no live wid good massa no more ;—oh, oh ! what me do for de mush good eat and drink, oh, oh !

*Coach.* You shall soil with me, you dog—cry ! you may well cry at quitting your master ; you're grown as sleek and as plump as a bishop's coach-horse in his service—but courage, Hannibal, your fleece and complexion soon get you into bread—but when shall I mount a box again ? Ah, I'm an Englishman ! Well, I hope to see the day when that will be a better recommendation to an English nobleman, than being a monsieur or a blackamoor.

*Black.* Oh, I must strip fine coat—oh !

*Coach.* Yes, and that turbot off your head.

*Den.* No, John, my master desires you and Hannibal may keep your liveries.

*Coach.* What, and may I take the harness I have on—bless his handsome heart! Well, Dennis, you stay; good bye, lad; when you chance to drive towards Leicester fields, I shall be glad to take a watering tankard with you at the Coach and Horses; but mayhap, like the great courtiers, you scorn to know an old acquaintance out of place.

*Den.* No, John, I'm not so polite as that yet.

*Coach.* Come along, Hannibal—gee up! off we go into the world again! but up or down, wet or dry, through thick or thin, prosperity and better fortune to my dear master. Gee up—ay, ay.

[*exeunt Coachman and Black*

*Den.* Poor fellows! I can't help feeling for them,

*enter EDWARD.*

*Edw.* Sad at parting with your companions, Dennis?

*Den.* Not more grieved than they were, sir, at quitting so good a master as your honour.

*Edw.* Poor fellows! ay, Dennis, integrity and fidelity, like other obsolete fashions, seem to be cast off by the great—'tis natural that they here and there be pick'd up by their inferiors—Any body here this morning?

*Den.* Mr. Wormwood, sir, to let you know he'd call no more for his money—

*Edw.* I am obliged to him.

*Den.* For he has put the affair into an attorney's hands.

*Edw.* And the rascal paid his own debts with half a crown in the pound; now, my sole dependance is upon my old friend Rushstaff.

*Den.* Mr. Rushstaff left his compliments, sir, is sorry he can't oblige you, as he has not more than will just enable him to take the box at Brookes's to-night.

[*exit*

*Edw.* Well, well—a verbal answer to my letter;

his good manners he levels to his sincerity—my friend too.

## SONG.

If balmy friendship yet survives,  
Ah, whither is she fled?  
Believe the tongues of men, she lives,  
Their actions speak her dead :  
Perhaps responsive echo's shade,  
She haunts the brittle mound,  
Or flitting sylph, or wat'ry naiad,  
In fancy only found.

The gilded cards to feast and ball,  
The silken guest invite ;  
They fondly think 'tis friendship's call,  
But pride and pomp indite :  
For int'rest, with delusive wiles,  
Beneath fair friendship's form,  
In sunshine on us sweetly smiles,  
But leaves us in the storm.

*enter* CAROLINE.

*Car.* My dear, dear Edward !

*Edw.* My sweet Caroline.

*Car.* Such a delicious scheme as I have devised for our relief.—Come, come, I'll have no more melancholy.

*Edw.* For myself I should not care ; if single, I could elbow my way through the bustle of this busy world ; but to involve you, my love, a partner in my poverty—

*Car.* Poor, pretty bird ! then it could, soaring cleave the air, and sweetly chirp the song of freedom, if not impeded by its troublesome, yet affectionate mate.

## SONG.

While pert cock-sparrows sport and play,  
By turns, with ev'ry female gay,  
The turtle faithful to his dove,  
Lives but for her, and lives to love ;

Still closely nestling side by side,  
Sit the good bridegroom and good bride,  
And murmur'ing, gurgling on the spray,  
Both bill and coo their hours away.

But, Edward, is the carriage gone ?

*Edw.* Sold by auction.

*Car.* You are so hasty—but no matter—if my plot don't lift us into another, welcome a calash and patens ; let us first methodically state our case to fortune, and invoke her aid.

*Edw.* Begin then.

*Car.* My wealthy uncle, sir Walter Weathercock—

*Edw.* Would have married my rich aunt, miss Hebe Wintertop.

*Car.* A quarrel on the bridal morn broke off the match.

*Edw.* Hate succeeds to love.

*Car.* Or rather anger to dotage.

*Edw.* At this period, I, possessing an ardent passion for Caroline—

*Car.* And I, having no aversion for Edward—

*Edw.* Are forbid, by the old ones, to hold further intercourse with each other, on pain of their immortal displeasure ; but nobly sacrificing interest to love, you ran away with me.

*Car.* O fie, Edward ! it was you ran away with me.

*Edw.* Married scarce a twelvemonth, our mutual partiality for good house-keeping has brought our stock to the last guinea—and no living without money.

*Car.* Then let us die.

*Edw.* Die ?

*Car.* Yes ; my life to yours, it enables us to live comfortably hereafter.

*Edw.* Ha, ha, ha ! pleasant enough this ! but, Caroline, I confess I can't comprehend how dying can conduce to a person's living comfortably—Ha, ha, ha !

*Car.* You laugh, but I am serious.

*Edw.* Death is, indeed, a serious subject—but come, your scheme.

*Car.* It lies thus—you shall instantly go to your

aunt, and, in all the supposed grief of a disconsolate widower, tell her that I died this morning : I'll to my uncle, and tell him the same story of you—Now, each supposing the cause of their displeasure for ever remov'd, will, I make no doubt, restore us again into favour, supply us with an ample sum for the present, and settle on each an affluent appointment in future.

*Edw.* But the discovery of such a fraud—

*Car.* How ? they never see each other, perhaps never may ; then their circle is so remote from ours ; or, at worst, can we be poorer, or farther removed from their favour than at present ?

*Edw.* Say no more, I am dead.

*Car.* And I, gone with the doleful news to my uncle—I fear nothing but a laugh to prevent my success.

*Edw.* And that we do succeed, dear fortune, grant.

### DUETTO.

*Edw.* Let me but my Caroline guard,  
My love from distress let me save ;  
And I ask for no other reward,  
Or blessing on this side the grave.

*Car.* Let me but see Edward content,  
His lot while his Caroline shares ;  
Though uncle should never relent,  
Or aunt should be angry, who cares ?

*Both.* Deign, fortune, to smile on a pair,  
Who've trusted so long to thy pow'r ;  
Thy woes since they patiently bear,  
O grant them some sweet with the sour.

[*exeunt*]

SCENE—a room in sir Walter Weathercock's house.

*enter* MOTLEY, *peeping out.*

*Mot* If sir Walter should see me now—what then ?  
—I'll tell him, says I,—if wrinkled batchelors keep  
smooth-cheeked house-keepers, “as 'squire Ranger  
says,” we clever young fellows have a right, I'd tell  
him—if he had not a cane in his hand—cane or no

cane, I'd—here he is—I had as good hide myself. (*retires*) Eh, no, 'tis my sweet Comfit.

*enter COMFIT.*

*Com.* Now, who could imagine that a simple country girl as I was five years ago, could turn out such a—I'm very ugly to be sure. (*looking in a glass*)

### SONG.

When I left Primrose-Green, and first came up to town,  
Just at blooming fifteen in my plain linen gown;  
Though my thoughts were all gay, and my head full of  
play,

Let me die, if—Oh fie! was not all I could say.

But now improv'd in ev'ry grace,  
With charms to captivate a king;  
And seen in shape, or air of face,  
My tout ensemble is the thing.

What can become of this wretch, Motley?

*Mot.* That's I. (*aside*)

*Com.* I know the fellow loves me.

*Mot.* Do I? (*aside*)

*Com.* He'd leap at marrying me.

*Mot.* I'd look twice first. (*aside*)

*Com.* I'm certainly a handsome girl.

(*looking in the glass*)

*Mot.* Yes, and you don't know it. (*aside*)

*Com.* But these men—Motley's perhaps at this moment list'ning to some conceited hussey or other.

*Mot.* I am, indeed. (*aside*)

*Com.* I'm sorry Motley's so poor.

*Mot.* Upon my soul, so am I. (*aside*)

*Com.* But my three hundred pounds—

*Mot.* Say no more, I'll have it.

*Com.* Ah, Motley, you devil, how could you frighten a body so?

*Mot.* Take me! for as Jacques, the huntsman, says, "Motley's your only man."

*Com.* Who says so?

*Mot.* Jacques, in the play of "How d'ye like it."—There, where Harlequin Touchstone is—"Motley," says he, "is your only man," and he did not know me from Adam, only it came so apropos.

*Com.* Motley, you improved during the year you lived with the actress.

*Mot.* Yes, I think I did a little.

*Com.* But how came she to part with you?

*Mot.* Because I was a pagan.

*Com.* A pagan!

*Mot.* Yes; you must know she gave me a shilling one night to go to the twelve-penny gallery, and ordered me, after she sung a song, to cry out *ongiorum*.

*Com.* What's *ongiorum*?

*Mot.* *Ongiorum* is Latin, for don't sing any more. Well, up I mounted; but unfortunately taking a glass too much with a friend I met in the gallery; instead of my mistress, when one Mr. Damon, who play'd the devil that night, had sung his song, I roar'd out, *oncorum, oncorum, Red Stockings*; so my mistress turn'd me off next morning; for, says she, looking in the glass, after your fashion just now, none but a pagan could mistake a devil for an angel.

*Com.* Poor Motley!—Pray, what sort of people are these players?

*Mot.* What sort!—Lord, my dear Comfit, of all sorts.

### SONG.

An actor's a comical dog,  
Now frisky, now dull as a log,  
So changeable all, now short and now tall,  
Now plump, then as slim as a frog.  
Now Paddy the brogue he puts on,  
Then struts with the pride of a Don;  
Now a French *oui Monsieur*, then a Dutch yaw Mynheer,  
Or braw Donald the head of his clan.  
How rarely they take in the town,  
From one shilling up to a crown!  
They pant and they cry, fight, tumble, and die,  
But laugh when the curtain is down.

*Com.* That's a good song—but I wish you were down stairs, for my master makes this his way to the study, and his aversion to your mistress is such—I think I hear him—if he sees you I'm ruin'd.

*Mot.* He can't remember me.

*Com.* Hush, he's here ; don't speak, and I'll get you off.

*enter sir WALTER WEATHERCOCK.*

*Sir Wal.* Comfit, I wanted to ask—who's that ?

*Com.* The lad, sir, belongs to Mr. Quack, the famous rheumatism man, that advertises to supply elderly gentlemen with calves.

*Sir Wal.* Calves ? His master's a grazier, ha !

*Com.* No, sir, a gouty doctor.

*Sir Wal.* Oh ! the doctor has the gout ?

*Com.* No, no, sir, he cures the rheumatism, gout, and dropsy.

*Sir Wal.* Have you a dropsy ? eh, Comfit !

*Com.* No, sir, but the doctor gives this young man leave to turn a peany for himself in the fortune-telling way.

*Sir Wal.* A fortune-teller ?—I'll take a peep through his telescope of futurity. Pray, friend—

*(Motley makes signs and faces)*

*Sir Wal.* Why does he make faces ? Can't he speak ?

*Com.* He can't speak, sir, for many reasons ; first, he's dumb ; secondly—

*Sir Wal.* Hold ! your first reason is sufficient for his not speaking.—Shall I ever marry ?

*(Motley grimaces and makes signs)*

*Sir Wal.* What's that ?

*Com.* He means yes, sir.

*Sir Wal.* He lies !—If so, shall I be happy ?—Eh !

*(Motley points upwards with his finger)*

*Com.* He means, sir, that matrimony will send you to heaven.

*Sir Wal.* How ?

*(Motley makes horns with his fingers)*

*Sir Wal.* Through Cuckold's-Gate! Sir Walter Weathercock called a cuckold, by a mumming magician! a second-hand son of a sorcerer! a hey cockolorum conjurer! a wizard with a pig-tail! How long have you been dumb, sirrah?

*Mot.* Sir, I was born dumb—Zounds! (*aside*)

*Sir Wal.* In my life I never heard a dumb man speak so plain.

*Com.* Such a blockhead! (*aside*)

*Sir Wal.* Cures dropsies! raises dropsies, I fancy, eh, Comfit!—the doctor provides rams as well as calves—this is a ram of Jacob's breed—parti-coloured, streaked, and pied.

*Com.* Own yourself. (*apart to Motley*) The truth is, sir, this is miss Wintertop's man, and he's come to—tell my master what you are come about.

*Mot.* Yes, sir, I'm come to—What the devil did I come about? (*apart to Comfit*) I come, sir—I come, sir—I'm come, sir—

*Sir Wal.* I see you are come, sir; but what brought you, sir?

*Com.* With his lady's compliments for the honour of your company this evening—I know he won't go.

(*aside*)

*Sir Wal.* And pray, hussy, have you no butt but your master, for your hums and haws?

*Com.* Sir, I beg your pardon, but I knew your spirit would reject with scorn an offer from miss Wintertop, and so, sir, to save the poor lad from the dreadful effects of your fury, I thought to have got him out of the house without your knowledge.

*Sir Wal.* I believe I ought to be angry here. (*aside*) Yes, Comfit, I am in a fury! go back to your mistress, sirrah, and if I catch you here again, I'll bamboo you so, that it shall puzzle Hunter; that able anatomist, to distinguish one muscle from another! I will, upon my honour, you rascal.

*Mot.* Oncorum, red stockings again, by gad—I'll mollify him to some tune out of the Beggar's Opera.

(*aside*)

## SONG.

Oh, ponder well, be not severe,  
 Nor beat me like a drum ;  
 A stick that makes *that* speak, I fear,  
 Would make poor Motley dumb.

[*exeunt Motley and Comfit*

*enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Mrs. Sandford is below, sir, and insists on coming up.

*Sir Wal.* What; my niece! I won't see her—I'll never see her, tell her so.

*Serv.* She's here, sir.

[*exit*

*enter CAROLINE.*

*Sir Wal.* So, niece, I find you will add another twig to the rod of disobedience, by thus intruding contrary to my express commands.

*Car.* Ah, sir, your rigour would dissolve to pity and forgiveness, did you but know my calamitous situation.

*Sir Wal.* Pity! your tears play'd off at my heart, are Spanish onions against the rock of Gibraltar—you would marry miss Wintertop's nephew, though you knew how injuriously I was used by that old coxcomb, his aunt. You have a husband, and so—make much of him.

*Car.* Alas, sir! I have no husband.

*Sir Wal.* I said he would run away from you when you became poor.

*Car.* Ah, sir, wrong not the memory of the—Oh, wretched Caroline! Alas, sir, my husband's dead!

*Sir Wal.* Edward dead! gadso, niece, I ask your pardon—I'm sorry—I am, faith—poor thing.—Eh! gad! now Edward is gone, I begin to think he was a worthy lad—now he's gone, I—

*Car.* For ever, ever gone!

*Sir Wal.* Well, we must only take care of those that stay behind—we must have a handsome funeral but I'll go see the body.

*Car.* Heaven forbid ! (*aside*) Do, dear sir, I left his sorrowful aunt weeping over him.

*Sir Wal.* Oh, if she's there, I'll stay here. Caroline, no money left, I suppose ? Ay, Edward a bon vivant ! lived all the days of his life. (*gives her a note*) Well, there's five hundred pounds. Have a decent funeral, and kiss me, child ; come, dry up your tears, and look upon me again as your parent.

*Car.* Sir, this goodness—

*Sir Wal.* Come, child, you are a young widow, don't let your tears impair your beauty.

*Car.* Oh, sir, think on what I have lost.

## SONG.

See the blossom of Spring that enriches the thorn,  
Unfolding its sweetness to welcome the morn ;  
But if nipt, the fond birds in soft elegy mourn,  
That fragrance and beauty that ne'er shall return.

Can the sun-beams of hope glance a ray of relief ?  
No, let tears overflow the dew-drops of grief,  
Soon the bold hand of Winter shall cover the head,  
Soon, alas ! must I wither since Edward is dead.

[*exit*

*Sir Wal.* And Edward's dead ! it must be for my kind condolence that his aunt sent for me ; I'm sorry I treated her message with such contempt—Heigho ! I feel my love for her revive. I'll wait on her at her own house, though the sight of Edward has made her so sad.—Ay, no making love when a dead man's in company.

[*exit*

*a chamber at miss Wintertop's.*

*enter EDWARD and a Servant.*

*Edw.* Only a gentleman would speak with miss Wintertop. (*exit Servant*) If my success with my aunt here, equals Caroline's expectations—Oh, here she is.

*enter miss WINTERTOP and Servant.*

*Miss W.* Your most obedient—my nephew! how dare you, Richard, call me to any person without previously bringing up their name? [*exit Servant*]

*Edw.* I fear'd a knowledge of mine, madam, might deprive me of the honour which I now enjoy; but did you know the fatal disaster that occasioned—

*Miss W.* I don't love disasters, and I now tell you, once for all, nephew, your disasters shall never be the less for me; your disobedient marriage with sir Walter's niece, has——

*Edw.* Ah! madam, that marriage is eternally dissolved.

*Miss W.* Eloped! I thought she'd turn out as fashionable a wife as e'er a dutchess of 'em all! but indeed what can be expected when ladies wear uniforms, and pay morning visits with phaetons and ponies—gone off? fine doings.

*Edw.* My Caroline, madam, was compell'd to yield; the careful parent, and the tender husband, daily, with tears, behold the wife and maiden ravish'd from their arms by that insatiate monster! that general gallant——

*Miss W.* He rude to maidens too! the filthy fellow—what street does he live in?

*Edw.* Who, madam?

*Miss W.* General Gallant.

*Edw.* My grief, too copious for common language, swell'd into a metaphor; the gallant I mean, madam, was death.

*Miss W.* Death! well, I never knew you to bring a pleasant story.

*Edw.* Oh!

*Miss W.* What does the man mean by his blubbling and bellowing?

*Edw.* Excuse my tears, but my Caroline is no more.

*Miss W.* Caroline dead——Oh, that's another thing! well, nephew, though your match was repugnant to my will, I don't rejoice at your wife's death.

*Edw.* That's very good of you, madam.

*Miss W.* But how, and when, pray, did this affair happen?

*Edw.* This morning, suddenly! I hope the necessity of seeing you, will excuse the indecorum of my being seen abroad so soon.

*Miss W.* Necessity! no money left, I suppose—well, I find this accident has somewhat relaxed my severity. Pray, do you ever see that civil gentleman, her uncle? I fancy your extravagance has rendered you the object of his bounty, but a nephew of mine shall never be obliged to him; I'll send you some money; come, child, you must not give way to grief.

*Edw.* O madam! had I never known the amiable qualities of my Caroline, I should not have such cause to lament her death. [*exit*

*Miss W.* Sir Walter's attention to Edward and Caroline has given a gentle puff to the dying embers of my love, and if—

*enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir Walter Weathercock, madam.

*Miss W.* Oh, he has surprised me at a most dismal criterion. Admit him. (*exit Servant*) Edward's tale has depressed my spirits in the abyss of a lethargic torpitude.

*enter sir WALTER WEATHERCOCK.*

Sir, this is an honour—

*Sir Wal.* Madam—I see she's in great grief for the death of her nephew. (*aside*)

*Miss W.* His niece's death affects him extremely. (*aside*)

*Sir W.* Oh, Hebe! Hebe! my lovely old darling.

*Miss W.* Old darling! as rude as ever. (*aside*)

*Sir Wal.* You are sorrowful—I don't wonder at it—well—accept my sincere condolence.

*Miss W.* Yes, you must feel for the death of so dear a relation—has it altered Caroline much? how does she look?

*Sir Wal.* Dismal enough.

*Miss W.* Yes, death wears a dismal aspect.

*Sir Wal.* You've seen Edward.

*Miss W.* Just now.

*Sir Wal.* Lost his fine complexion, I suppose?

*Miss W.* No, I think he looks as well as ever.

*Sir Wal.* Ay, sudden death, I fancy, does not change the countenance much.

*Miss W.* Your niece was very young.

*Sir Wal.* She's rising twenty—Edward, I fancy, was not above twenty-three.

*Miss W.* He'll be twenty-four his next birth-day.

*Sir Wal.* Birth-day to a dead man. (*aside*) And poor Edward's gone.

*Miss W.* Yes, he's gone home—I wish you'd follow him, sir Walter.

*Sir Wal.* I am obliged to you, madam, but I hope I shan't go to his home these thirty years.

*Miss W.* Now that's unkind, the sight of a friend in the hour of trouble, is such a comfort—

*Sir Wal.* A great comfort, indeed! (*aside*) I fancy you'll have a visit from Caroline when it is dusk.

*Miss W.* Heaven forbid—no, when people quit this world, I beg to be excused from any further intercourse.

*Sir Wal.* Why, madam, though my niece may be said to be out of this world now, yet the funeral over, and a few Lethean tears shed, I warrant her youth attracts the butterflies.

*Miss W.* Butterflies! the worms I think you mean, sir Walter.

*Sir Wal.* Worms! why to be sure, divested of their gaudy outside, the macaronies are a species of grubs—but come, my angelic Hebe! let us forget our silly quarrels—here let me take this vernal sprig, as earnest of the sole possession of thee, thou aromatic shrub of winter savoury. (*taking her hand*)

*Miss W.* Oh, you amorous Philander!

*Sir Wal.* Oh, extasy! Hebe, get your nephew buried, and then we'll be married in—

*Miss W.* Wait till my nephew is buried !

*Sir Wal.* Nay, I only speak for decency sake.

*Miss W.* How, sir ! would you infer that I would deviate from the rules of decency ? I should imagine when your niece is buried, the wedding—

*Sir Wal.* My niece buried ! why she's crack'd !  
(*aside*) Bury your nephew, madam.

*Miss W.* Bury my nephew !

*Sir Wal.* To be sure ! would you hang him up between two loadstones like Mahomet of Mecca ?

*Miss W.* Bury my nephew ! why he's mad. (*aside*)

*Sir Wal.* You know your nephew is dead.

*Miss W.* No, but you know your niece is dead.

*Sir Wal.* Not I.

*Miss W.* Did not you say your niece had left this world ?

*Sir Wal.* Did not you say your nephew was gone to his long home ?

*Miss W.* I tell you, Edward left this room as you entered it.

*Sir Wal.* I tell you, I saw Caroline at my house just now.

*Miss W.* Sir, I don't think it safe to stay in a place with you.

*Sir Wal.* Madam, I shouldn't have troubled your place if you had not sent for me.

*Miss W.* I send for you, sir !

*Sir Wal.* Deny that too—here comes the very fellow that brought the message.

*Miss W.* Astonishing !

*enter* MOTLEY.

*Mot.* Madam, the—ha, he here ! damnation ! this is the second time to-day he cross'd the way.

*Miss W.* Pray, Motley, did I send you to sir Walter Weathercock's this morning !

*Mot.* Nothing but a lie can save me. (*aside*)

*Sir W.* Speak, friend, did I not see you at my house to-day ?

*Mot.* Me ? oh, lord, sir ! not me, indeed.

*Sir Wal.* Oh, you infernal son of a—do you forget you were dumb!

*Mot.* Dumb! oh, dear sir, don't say that of me! my lady I warrant would not keep me an hour, if she suspected I was dumb—lord, madam, am I dumb?

*Miss W.* Ridiculous! it must be somebody else.

*Mot.* Oh, sir, ridiculous! it must be somebody else.

*Sir Wal.* Brav'd out of the belief of my ears and eyes!—as for you, sirrah—*(takes him by the collar)*

*Mot.* Can't eat a crocodile—drink like a weazle—

*Sir W.* I'll weazle you, and weasand you too, you dog.

*Mot.* Let Hercules himself do what he may, the dog will bark, the cat will have fair play. *[exit]*

*Sir Wal.* Since you are so positive, to—

*Miss W.* And you so obstinate, I'll send to Edward's house, and learn the truth.

### DUET.

*Miss W.* Away, sir! get out of my sight,  
You are wrong, and I'm sure I am right,  
A positive person who takes in his pate,  
Such whimsies and fancies, I ever shall hate.

*Sir Wal.* Sweet Hebe, nay, hear me, sweet Hebe,  
With reason and love let me rule.

*Miss W.* You infant, you grey-headed baby,  
Meer dotage has made you a fool.

*Sir Wal.* I doating and stupid!  
Oh, Venus and Cupid,  
What tyrannous usage is this?  
But my rage I'll restrain,  
I'll submit to my chain,  
And each link of the chain be a kiss.

*Miss W.* Since meek and obedient,  
You think it expedient,  
To receive like a law, my command;  
In the course of nine years,  
I may melt with your tears,  
And present you my heart and my hand.

*Both.* Yes, meek and obedient, &c.

## ACT II.

*enter EDWARD and CAROLINE.*

*Car.* Ha, ha, ha! well, my dear Edward, now all's over, the success of our little trick is even beyond my expectation.

*Edw.* Yes, my dear, but the benevolent effect of their credulity almost gives our little trick the air of a crime, and the shame of a detection.

*Car.* You're ever raising phantoms to scare yourself—the dread of meeting your aunt here, will keep sir Walter away.

*Edw.* True, and the fear of seeing him, will secure us from her visits; but I expect her messenger with the cash every moment.

*Car.* Well, I'm prepar'd here within, should he be curious.

*enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* A servant from your aunt, sir.

*Car.* I'll to my post of mortality. [*exit*

*Edw.* Admit him. (*exit Den.*) Now for a woeful visage.

*enter MOTLEY.*

*Mot.* "Even such a man, so spiritless—so woe be-gone, &c."—Sir, I am sorry for your loss—my lady, sir, desires me see the—oh!

*Edw.* There she lies. (*pointing to the side-scene*)

*Mot.* (*goes to the door and looks in*) As handsome a corpse as a man would wish to look on, as lord Romeo says—"Death has not suck'd the honey from her cheeks, and his pale lieutenant—no—his ensign, is not quarter'd there."

*Edw.* Any commands from my aunt?

**Mot.** Yes, sir, she commands you to prop up your spirits with old stout madeira—she commands you, sir, to take a bumper yourself, and to give three bumpers to every body that comes to see you, gentle and simple.

**Edw.** Oh!

**Mot.** I suppose sir, you'll have the funeral obsequies; if so, I'd have you, sir, for the credit of the thing, hire Solomon Durgess to sing at it.

**Edw.** Oh, bitter separation!

**Mot.** Consider, sir, your lady is in heaven, where you can never come, and for your sake, I hope your separation may long continue—her death is the cause of your grief—therefore, sir, I wish you joy. (*going*)

**Edw.** 'Sdeath! she has sent no money—(*aside*) pray, have not you any message?

**Mot.** No, sir, only a letter.

**Edw.** Right—(*aside*) Lay it on the table.

**Mot.** (*lays it down*) She is, indeed, a comely corpse—oh, life's an Italian shadow, a strolling player, that falls through a trap door upon the stage, and then is seen no more.

### SONG.

The world is all nonsense and noise,  
 Fantoccini, or Ombre Chinois,  
 Mere pantomine mummery,  
 Puppet-show flummery;  
 A magical lanthorn confounding the sight.  
 Like players or puppets we move  
 On the wires of ambition and love,  
 The poets write wittily,  
 Maidens look prettily,  
 Till death drops the curtain—all's over—good  
 night. [exit

*enter* CAROLINE.

**Edw.** Thank ye, Mr. Solomon Durgess! but what has our kind aunt sent us? four hundred!—very handsome indeed.

*enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* Mrs. Cypress, madam, the black milliner.

*Edw.* To take orders for your weeds—ha, ha, ha! *[exit]*

*Caro.* Ah, my friseur shall supply me with crapping for weeds—Italian flowers—and for love, I wear it on my heart. *[exeunt]*

*another chamber in Edward's house.*

*enter SHEERS and GRIZLEY.*

*Griz.* Mr. Sheers, sir,—I'll tell him, sir.

*Sheers.* Yes, Mr. Sheers, to take orders for his mourning. *(exit Grizley)* A bailiff shall carry them home, tho'—yet no taylor in town so complaisantly suits his own dress to the present humour of his employer—to a brisk bridegroom, I'm white as a swan; and here, to this woful widower, I appear black—black as my own goose.

*enter Undertaker.*

*Under.* "Hearse,—mourning-coaches,—scarfs,—pall." Um—ay—if the cash was plenty, this might turn out a pretty sprightly funeral.

*Sheers.* Servant, sir.

*Under.* Scarfs—a merry death—coffin—um—ay—

*Sheers.* A sudden affair this, sir!

*Under.* Sudden—ah! I'm always prepar'd for death.

*Sheers.* Sign of a good liver.

*Under.* No tradesman within the bills of mortality lives better.

*Sheers.* You've many customers then, sir?

*Under.* Not one breathing.

*Sheers.* You disoblige them, perhaps.

*Under.* Why, the truth is, sir, tho' my friends could die to serve me, yet I can't keep one three days without turning up my nose at him—odso! I forgot to take measure of the body.

*Sheers.* (*aside*) Oh, ho!—a brother taylor—you measure nobody here.

*Under.* Yes, I shall—Mr. Sandford's body.

*Sheers.* For what, pray?

*Under.* For a wooden surtout lin'd with white satin.

*Sheers.* Odd sort of mourning! (*aside*) but, sir, I have the business of this family.

*Under.* You! I know I have had it since St. James's church-yard was set on fire by old Mattock, the grave-digger, twenty years last influenza business. I have nineteen bodies under lock and key this moment.

*Sheers.* You may have bodies, skirts, cuffs, and buttons—my business!—ask my foreman—I don't set a stitch—I'm merely an undertaker.

*Under.* Undertaker! so am I—and for work——

*Sheers.* Now, I do no work—I cut out indeed——

*Under.* Cut out! oh, you embowel 'em, perhaps—can you make a mummy in the Egyptian fashion?

*Sheers.* I never make masquerade habits.

*Under.* What! could you stuff a person of rank, to send him sweet over sea?

*Sheers.* Stuff! persons of rank—Irish tabinets are in stile for people of rank.

*Under.* Nothing like sage, thyme, pepper, and salt.

*Sheers.* Pepper and salt! thunder and lightning for a colour.

*Under.* Thunder and lightning! why, you are in the clouds, man—in one word, could you pickle a duke!

*Sheers.* I pickle a duke!

*Under.* Could you place a lozenge over a window or make out a coat for a hatchment, without the help of a herald?

*Sheers.* Mr. Hatchment! never made a coat for gentleman of that name.

*Under.* Mr. Hatchment! you've a skull as thick as a tombstone.

*Sheers.* Mayhap so, but I'll let you know, that

cross-legg'd, and bandy button-making, Bedfordbury shred-seller, shall rip a customer from me.

*Under.* Friend, depart in peace—or my cane shall make you a *memento mori* to all impertinent rascals.

*Sheers.* Here's a cowardly advantage! to attack a naked man—lay by your cane, and I'll talk to you.

*(the Undertaker throws down his cane, which Sheers takes up, and beats him with)*

*Under.* Oh, death and treachery! help! murder!

*enter DENNIS.*

*Den.* Hey! what's all this?

*Under.* A villain!—why, here's another undertaker insists that it's he that's to bury your master!

*Sheers.* O thread and needles! I bury a gentleman! but, egad, you're a frolicksome taylor.

*Under.* Taylor!—O, you son of a sexton! call you me taylor? a more capital undertaker than yourself.

*Sheers.* Zounds, man, I'm no undertaker! I'm a taylor.

*Under.* And, zounds, man—taylor, I mean—I'm an undertaker.

*Den.* I perceive this mistake. *(aside)* One word, good gentlemen mechanics—Mr. taylor

*Sheers.* Sir.

*Den.* My lady is not dead.

*Sheers.* Your lady not dead!

*Den.* No, nor my master neither.

*Under.* Your master not dead!

*Den.* No.

*Under.* Oh, ho! perhaps then he don't want to be buried?

*Den.* Not alive, I believe.

*Under.* The most good-for-nothing family in the parish.

*Sheers.* By these sheers, parchment of mine shall never cross a shoulder in it. *[exit]*

*Under.* Zounds, I'll go home, and bury myself for the good of my family. *[exeunt]*

*scene changes to an apartment at miss Wintertop's.*

*sir WALTER and miss WINTERTOP discovered sitting—MOTLEY at a side-table attending.*

*Miss W.* Then you will be positive, sir Walter.

*Sir Wal.* Yes, when I'm right. I never was wrong but once in my life; and that was in preferring the wing to the leg of a rabbit.

*Miss W.* Psha! I tell you, 'tis your niece that's gone.

*Sir Wal.* And I tell you, 'tis your nephew that's gone.

*Mot.* Gone down the burn from whence no traveller returns back again.

*Sir Wal.* Oh, my dumb fortune-teller! is this fellow's word your authority? If that rascal this moment swore, I held my own nose, I'd have him cropp'd for perjury—consider I am a privy counsellor.

*Mot.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Miss W.* For shame, Motley, how dare you laugh.

*Mot.* I beg your pardon, madam; but it would make a chancellor laugh, to see a fool take a privy counsellor by the nose.

*Sir Wal.* Sirrah, I'll —

*Miss W.* Sir Walter! have you no respect for my livery?

*Mot.* Ay, sir, would you beat my lady's livery?

*Sir Wal.* Well, I'll not dust the rascal's jacket this bout; here's your health, Hebe—but I'm sure I'm right.

*Miss W.* Then I suppose, sir Walter, it's to this obstinacy of adherence to your own opinion, I am beholden for this honour.

*Sir Wal.* Don't say so! for that sherbet was nectar from the hand of my divine Hebe, and inclines me to fancy myself a little Jove.

*Mot.* Jove in his chair, of the sky lord-mayor!

*(singing)*

*Sir Wal.* Are you there still?—withdraw, you rascal,

*Miss W.* Motley, retire.

*Mot.* It is not safe to leave you two alone, till Doctor Thump has made you two in one. [exit

*Miss W.* Mercy on me!

*Sir Wal.* What's the matter?

*Miss W.* We are alone indeed!

*Sir Wal.* Well!

*Miss W.* This room has double doors!

*Sir Wal.* What then?

*Miss W.* If I cry out, nobody can hear me!

*Sir Wal.* Cry out! what ails you?

*Miss W.* If you should be rude now!

*Sir Wal.* Me! I shan't touch you.

*Miss W.* I've heard that you gentlemen never slip an opportunity of kissing a lady, when you get her alone.

*Sir Wal.* Oh, oh!

### DUET.

*Sir Wal.* In vain to smother love we strive.

*Miss W.* I feel my tenderness revive,  
Yes, Cupid, once again thy flame  
Burns fierce and bright, and still the same,  
For when it has been truly lit,  
No quarrel can extinguish it.

*Sir Wal.* Extinguish it—ah, no! I'll prove  
There's no extinguisher for love;  
For quarrels do but snuff the light,  
A moment quench'd to shine more bright.

*Miss W.* In vain to smother love we strive,  
I feel my tenderness revive.

*Both.* In vain to smother love we strive,  
I feel my tenderness revive.

(*sir Walter going to kiss her*)

*enter COMFIT.*

*Com.* Sir!

*Sir Wal.* Well, Comfit, who's shrouded?

*Com.* All's over, sir.

*Sir Wal.* I said so.

*Miss W.* And so did I.

*Com.* But such a lovely corpse !

*Miss W.* Motley's words—be positive again, sir  
*Walter*—has he sent any message ?

*Com.* Who ; Dennis, madam ?

*Miss W.* What Dennis ? I mean my nephew.

*Com.* Lord, ma'am, he's—I'm sorry to say it, but  
your nephew's dead.

*Sir Wal.* Be positive again, miss Hebe.

*Miss W.* My nephew dead—Motley !

*Sir Wal.* Dead ! why not ? Gad she fancies all her  
family to be Saturns, or Plutos, or some old immortal  
gods or other.

*enter MOTLEY.*

*Miss W.* Pray, Motley, who did you give my letter  
to ?

*Mot.* To your nephew, madam.

*Miss W.* Are you sure ?

*Mot.* Sure—by the same token, he said—Motley,  
says he, you're a fine fellow, you're as honest as—an  
iron chest ; and if your lady knew how to reward a  
good servant, she'd take half a-guinea out of her own  
silk purse, with her lily-white hand, and say, there,  
Motley, drink my health, my good friend.

*Com.* Mr. Edward say all this ! oh, you notorious,  
abominable—the dear gentleman I saw stretch'd—  
and that Mrs. Caroline told me.

*Mot.* She speak ! oh, you notorious, abominable—  
the dear lady that at this moment is as pretty a corpse  
as ever entered a church-yard heels foremost.

*Com.* You saucy, impudent—so, I'm not to be be-  
liev'd !

*Mot.* I would not believe my father, when I knew  
he was telling a lie.

*Sir Wal.* I know it's Edward.

*Miss W.* I'm sure it's Caroline.

*Sir Wal.* Well, madam, since you are so positive—

*Miss W.* And you so obstinate—I'll go this moment to Edward's house, and prove your folly to a shameful conviction. [exit

*Sir Wal.* And to prove you—take an ass in your company, I'll go with you myself. [exit

*Mot.* Comfit, comical fish in our pond—ha, ha, ha! you carried it on extremely well.

*Com.* Carried it on!—what does the man mean?

*Mot.* Why, sure you was not in earnest?

*Com.* Earnest—certainly.

*Mot.* Eh!—why that's good, faith—and you believe too, that it's Mr. Edward that's dead!

*Com.* I know it.

*Mot.* I say it's Mrs. Caroline.

*Com.* Say; but what do you think?—come, I see a lie in that brazen face.

*Mot.* Then my brass is highly polish'd, and serves for a looking glass. No, if the lady had surviv'd I'd have at her myself—"Before her shoes were broke, with which she follow'd her husband to the grave, like Nobbe, all in tears."

*Com.* Upon my word!

*Mot.* Yes, and have her! for your widows now take husbands, as the boys box—one down, t'other comes on—she's jealous. (*aside*) Comfit, kiss me, my dear.

*Com.* Carry your kisses to King's Place, puppy. [exit

*Mot.* To King's Place! what, with this case of pockets!

### SONG.

See a nymph so brisk and witty,  
As nimbly tripping thro' the park,  
Throwing round her eyes so pretty,  
And ogling ev'ry powder'd spark;  
She'll leer, and gaze with fond delight,  
Invite you home and kiss you too;  
Sigh, kneel, and swear my angel bright,  
Without your cash your kissing won't do.

With a long purse, ever go to your love,  
 Chink it, chink it, there, oh there ;  
 When you twinkum, twankum, tol de rol, lol de rol,  
 Ha, ha, ha ! then she'll love you dear.

Who'd refuse a lad of my inches,  
 Sprightly, sightly, neat, compleat ;  
 But wagtails cur'd are by goldfinches,  
 Tho' eyes may roll, and pulses beat,  
 They'll leer and gaze with fond delight,  
 Tip 'em an ogle, they ogle too ;  
 My dove, my duck, my angel bright,  
 Without the cash, your kissing won't do.

With a long purse, &c.

**EDWARD** and **CAROLINE** discovered with wine and glasses, **DENNIS** attending.

*Car.* Are all the cards ready for Tuesday se'nnight, Dennis ?

*Den.* Yes, madam.

*Edw.* The last bottle of Champagne, Dennis ?

*Den.* Ay, sir, it should be good, for it has not its fellow in the house.

*Edw.* Well, my cellar died like Seneca. You've sent to my merchant for the old quantum of Champagne, Claret and Burgundy ?

*Den.* Yes, sir, old Grizley's gone this half hour.

*Edw.* I wish he was here—I thirst to pour out a crimson libation of thanksgiving to fortune, our propitious deity—Caroline, take one glass—come, I'll give you a toast for its passport—here's reconciliation with America, and let Rodney transfer her flag, and give thirteen stripes to the French and Spaniards.

(*a noise without*)

*Car.* I heard a noise !

*Den.* It's old Grizley with the wine, madam ; he sometimes, since the servants went away, leaves the door at a jar.

*Edw.* Then come in old Grizley, with the wine.

*enter sir WALTER and miss WINTERTOP.*

*Sir Wal.* Edward!

*Miss W.* Caroline!

*Sir Walt.* Why, here's THE DEAD ALIVE!—  
What news from the other world, sir?

*Miss W.* Was it you, pray, Mr. Orpheus, that brought back your Eurydice?

*Sir Wal.* How is old Scratch, and all our black friends below—this bottle from Pluto's side-board, I suppose. (*drinks*) Upon my honour, his diabolical majesty drinks celestial liquor! good wine—but, I fancy, Pluto has a great many persons of quality at his table?

*Edw.* Confusion!

*enter COMFIT.*

*Com.* Sir, here's—Mr. Edward!—a ghost! a ghost!

*enter MOTLEY.*

*Mot.* The wench is crack'd—Mrs. Caroline!—  
“Avaunt and quit my sight! thy blood is marrowless, thy bone is cold, and no spectacles upon those eyes you glare with.”

*Sir Wal.* How now, boy?

*Mot.* “Ay, and a bold boy too, to look on that—that looks like Paul the devil.”

*Miss W.* Such an audacious fraud! pretended to die!

*Sir Wal.* Ay, are you not ashamed to be alive?

*Edw.* The truth is, sir, our money was departed, and our credit expired.

*Car.* And we could no longer have liv'd in earnest, had we not died in jest.

*Sir Wal.* By gad, and a good jest it was, and I'm glad it was a jest—eh,—shall I—yes—ha, ha, ha, ha! I will laugh—ha, ha, ha! Hebe—you must grant me two trifles, forgive them, and marry me.

*Miss W.* Lord, sir Walter!

*Sir Wal.* You must, you shall, and first your virgin hand—as to the young folks, the fault was partly

ours, to suffer our whimsical caprices to abandon them to poverty ; I'd never let a child want money, for necessity often obliges a person to do that, which otherwise he'd blush to think of.

*Miss W.* It was a knavish affair—but I forgive you—and sir Walter, I am yours for ever.

### FINALE.

*Sir Wal.* Away with care, adieu to despair,  
'Tis the season to marry, not bury ;  
In love let's join, I'm Hebe's, she's mine,  
And all are alive and merry.

*Miss W.* When a lover so brisk, gives the spirits a frisk,  
Even maids must sing, hey down derry ,  
Then to church let us go, for I cannot say no,  
Where all are alive and merry.

*Edw.* Late, my Caroline dear, be thou laid on the bier,  
May those lips long keep red as a cherry ;  
May both uncle and aunt prove a flourishing plant,  
And all keep alive and merry.

*Car.* Now both uncle and aunt are like us grown gallant,  
'Tis too soon to pass Charon's ferry ;  
So my Edward and I, gladly join in the cry,  
While all are alive and merry.

*Mot.* An adventure so gay, is as good as a play,  
Or a cup of Canary or Sherry ;  
And if Comfit wou'd join, and say, Motley,  
I'm thine,  
We shou'd all be alive and merry.

*Com.* When you offer your love, right and true let it prove,  
For Champagne do not fool me with Perry ;  
Then if those who are here, contented appear,  
We shall all be alive and merry.

END OF THE DEAD ALIVE.





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